

FUN-IN

HANNA-
BARBERA

25¢

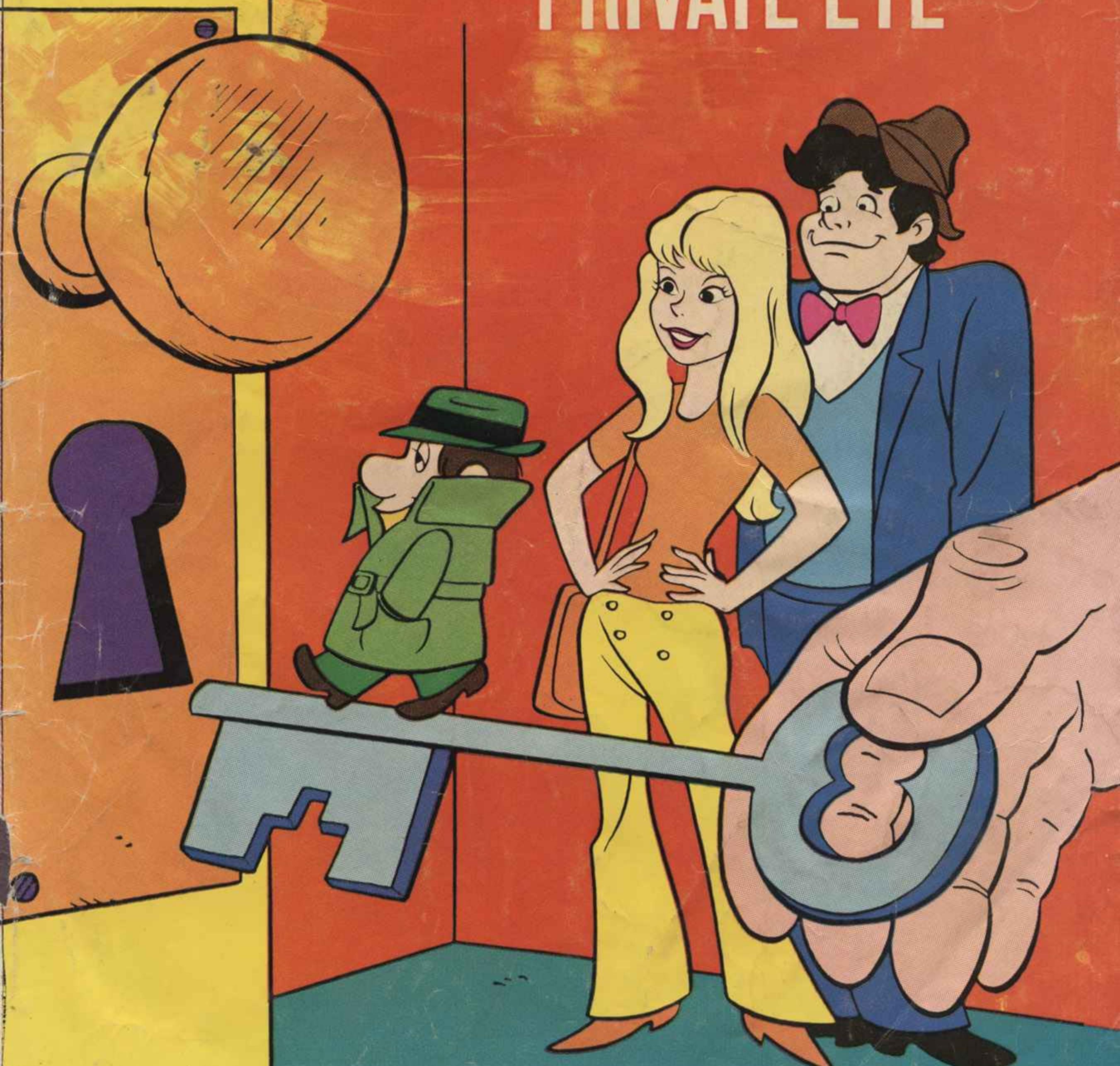
STARRING

25c

Fun in

RING INCH HIGH

PRIVATE EYE

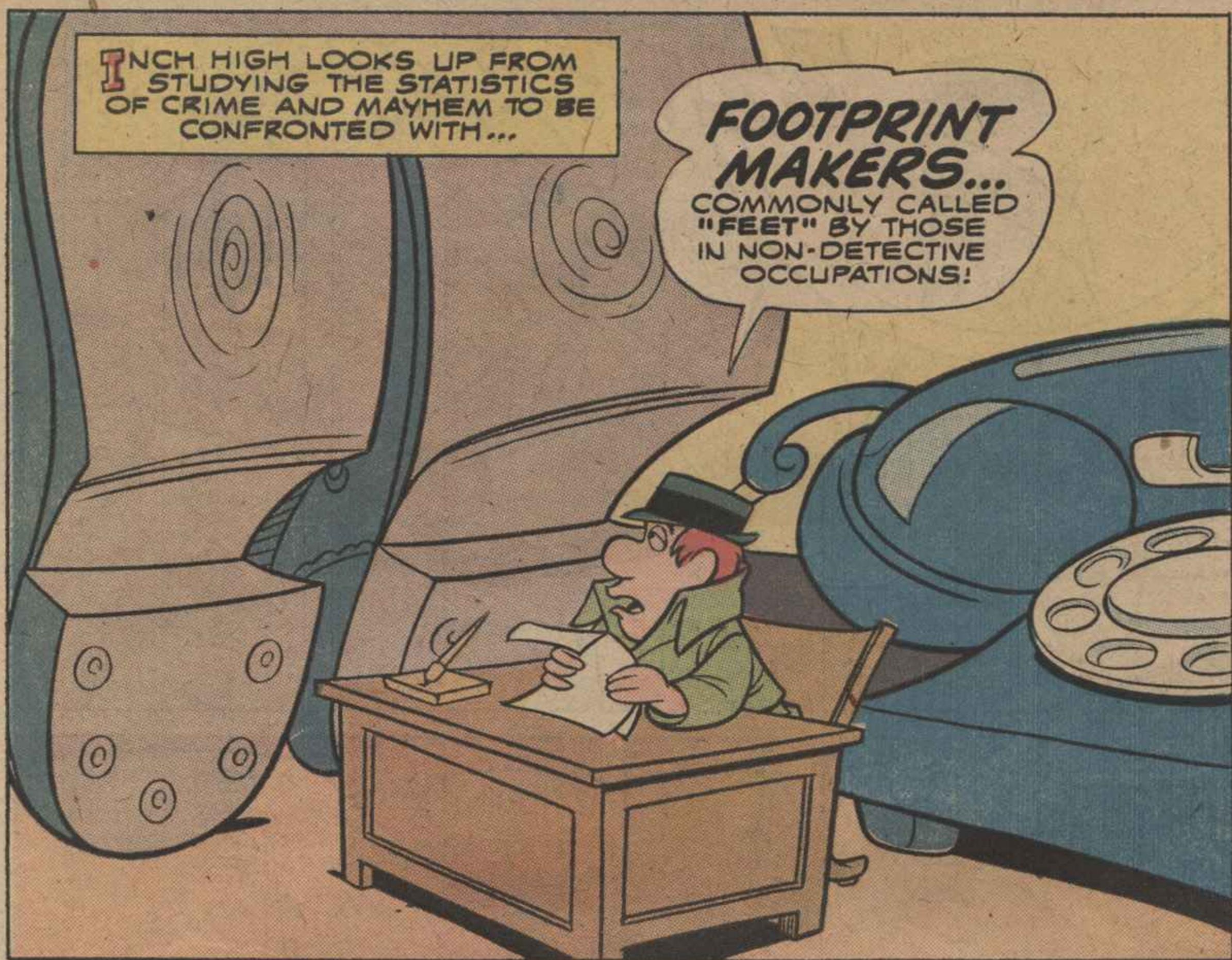


Hanna-Barbera
**INCH HIGH
PRIVATE EYE**

The Fashion Rustlers

INCH HIGH LOOKS UP FROM STUDYING THE STATISTICS OF CRIME AND MAYHEM TO BE CONFRONTED WITH...

**FOOTPRINT
MAKERS...**
COMMONLY CALLED
"FEET" BY THOSE
IN NON-DETECTIVE
OCCUPATIONS!



HMM... SOLES WORN THROUGH, AND DOWN-AT-THE-HEELS, TOO... HMM!

SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTION TELLS ME THAT THESE ARE THE FEET OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL HITCHHIKER, OR ELSE...

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YES... THEY ALSO HAVE
ALL OF THE EARMARKS
OF THE FEET OF A
PRIVATE EYE!

INDEED, THEY ARE THE PRIVATE-
EYE FEET OF MY BOSS,
MR. FINKERTON!



ZZZZ



HUMPH!
HE
SNORES
WHILE
I DO
THE
CHORES!



EH? HE LEFT A
MEMO FOR ME...

HUMPH!

MEMO
FROM THE MAHOGANY
DESK OF DETECTIVE
FINKERTON:

INCH HIGH:
GO OUT
AND DRUM UP
SOME BUSINESS!
Finky

NOW HEAR THIS, FINKY!
I'VE GONE WITHOUT
SLEEP, VACATION, SICK
LEAVE, WEEKENDS,
HOLIDAYS... EVEN WORKED
ON MY BIRTHDAY AND
HALLOWEEN... BUT I'M
FINALLY FED UP
RIGHT UP TO MY INCH-
HIGH CHINNY-CHIN-
CHIN! HEAR ME?

SNORK!
ZZ

UGH!
EVEN
ASLEEP
HE PUTS
ME DOWN!



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE DAY OFF TO GO TO THE BEACH WITH GATOR AND ME, INCHY?

WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU AS MY PRIVATE SECRETARY, LORI?

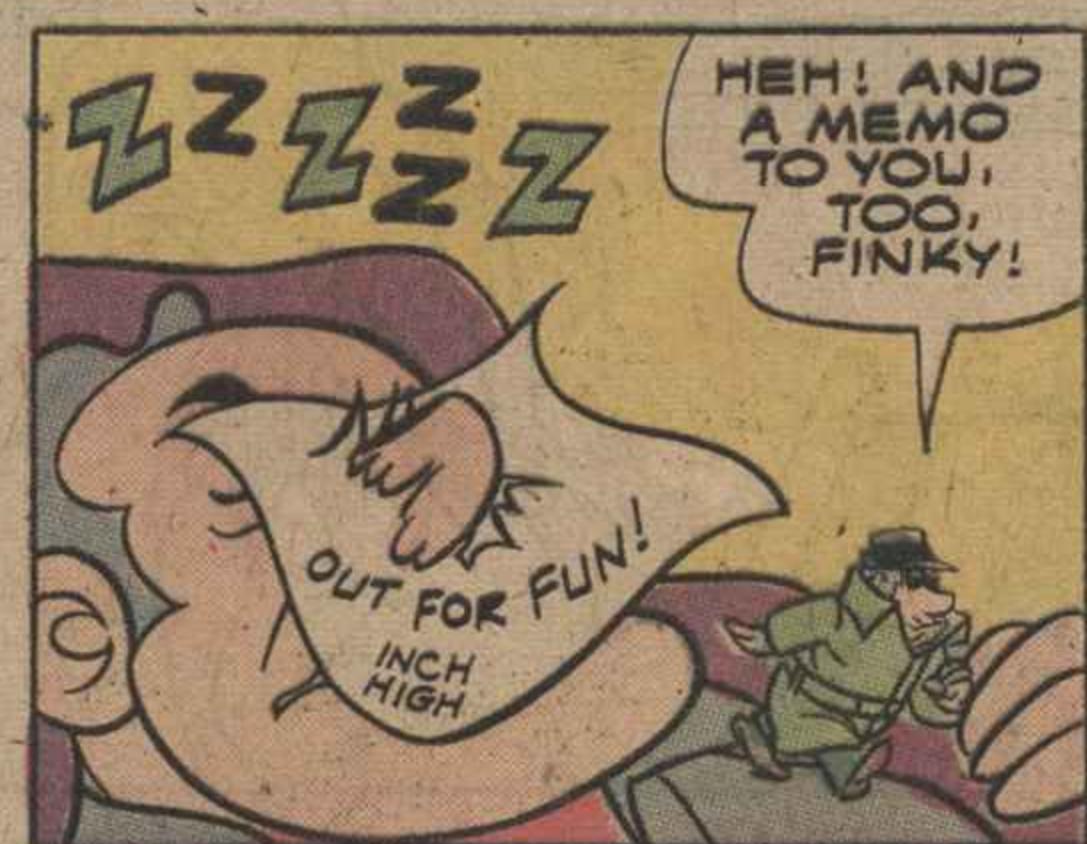
YOU'D GO "SOP" ON YOUR BEAN FOR ONE THING, INCH HIGH!



I WANT TO SHOW OFF MY NEW "ONE-OF-A-KIND" SWIM SUIT THAT I SAVED FOR MONTHS TO BUY FROM THE FAMOUS DESIGNER, PIERRE LEFLAIR!

COUNT ME IN!

HEH! AND A MEMO TO YOU, TOO, FINKY!



PARDON MY IGNORANCE, BUT JUST WHAT IS A "ONE-OF-A-KIND" OUTFIT, LORI?

JUST THAT THERE ISN'T ANOTHER LIKE IT! THAT'S WHY MR. LEFLAIR CHARGES SO MUCH FOR THEM!

I'M SAVIN' UP FOR SOCKS!



WELL, OFF WITH THE ROBE FOR MY FIRST APPEARANCE IN MY "ONE-OF-A-KIND" SWIMSUIT...

ORIGINALY LOVELY, ISN'T IT?

IT'S CHIC, CHICK!

MMM...





THIMBLE'S
DEPARTMENT
STORE IS MASS-
MERCHANTISING
THE ITEM, LORI!

THEN I'VE BEEN
GYPPED!

OR ELSE SOMEBODY IS
STEALING PIERRE LeFLAIR'S
"ONE-OF-A-KIND" IDEAS AND
MASS MARKETING THEM!

LET'S GO
SEE
LeFLAIR!

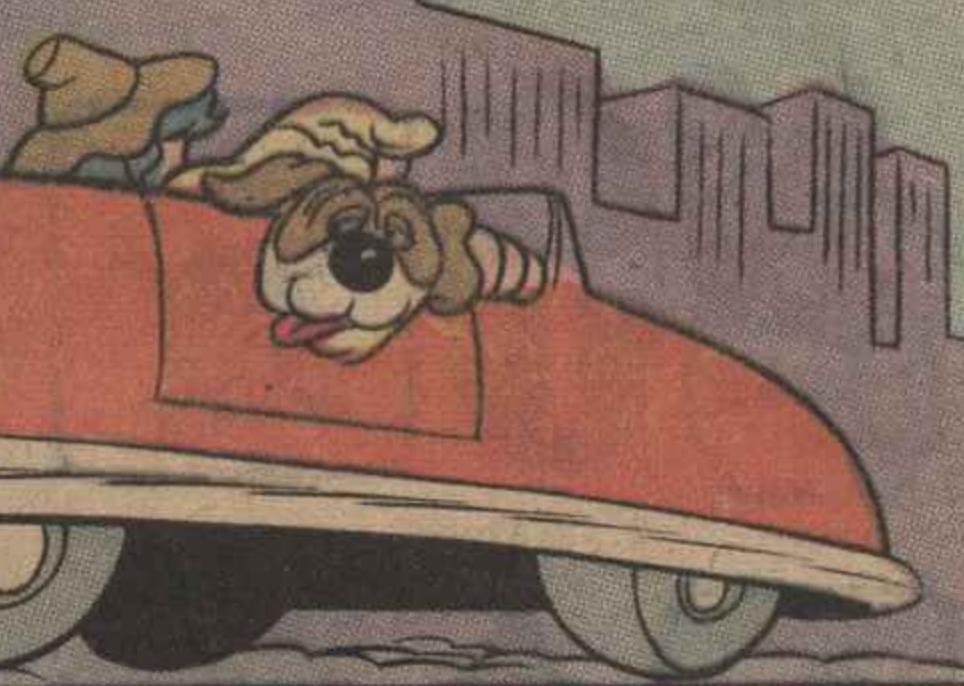


AND SO THEY GO... WITH A WHISPERING SWISH OF THEIR HUSHMOBILE...

I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT!
I KEEP THINKING WE'RE
GETTING A FLAT TIRE!

SHH!

SHH!
SHH!



IN PIERRE
LeFLAIR'S
TOP-SECRET
FASHION
DESIGNING
SUITE,
LOCATED
ON THE TOP
FLOOR OF
THIMBLE'S
DEPARTMENT
STORE...

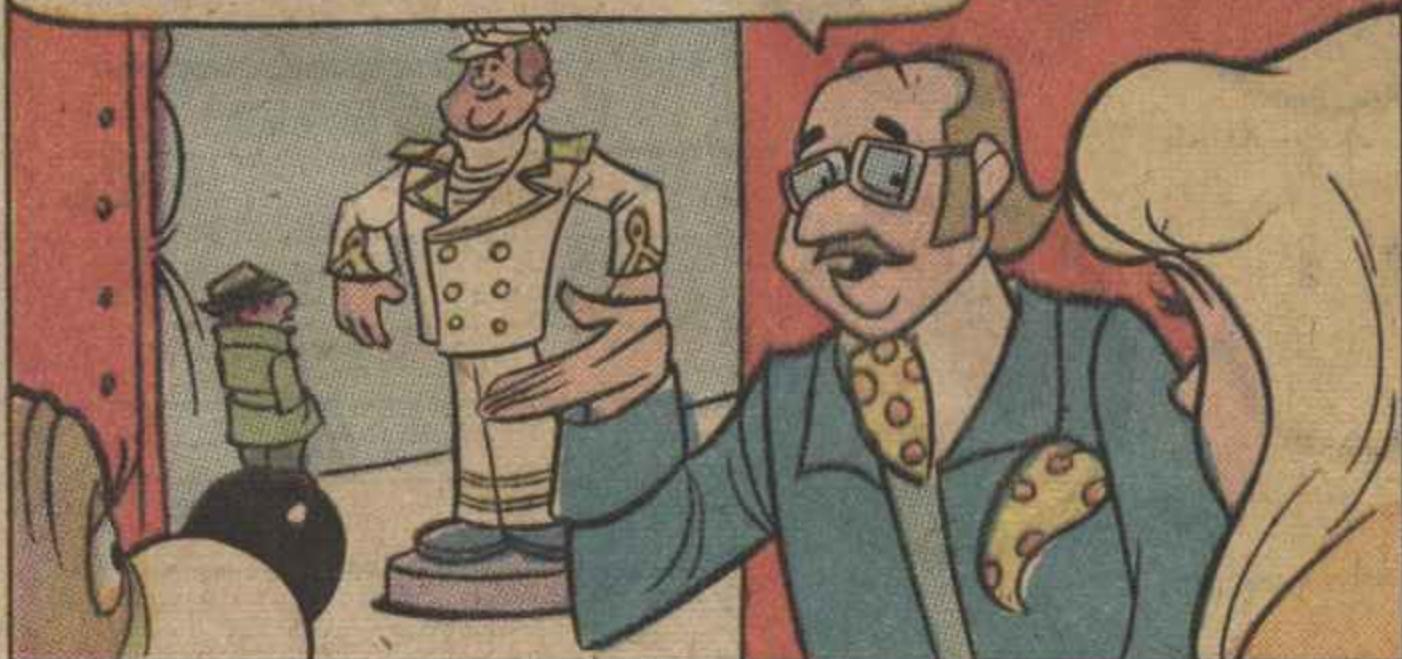
EVERY GIRL ON THE BEACH
HAS A SWIMSUIT IDENTICAL
TO THIS "ONE-OF-A-KIND"
YOU SOLD ME, PIERRE!

IMPOSSIBLE!

I KEEP EACH
DESIGN UNDER
LOCK AND KEY
UNTIL DELIVERED
TO THE CUSTOMER!

CLICK!

SEE? THAT YACHTING OUTFIT IS "ONE-OF-A-KIND" AWAITING PICKUP BY ROD RAZZELLE, THE MOVIE STAR!



I HAVE NASTY NEWS
FOR US, PIERRE...







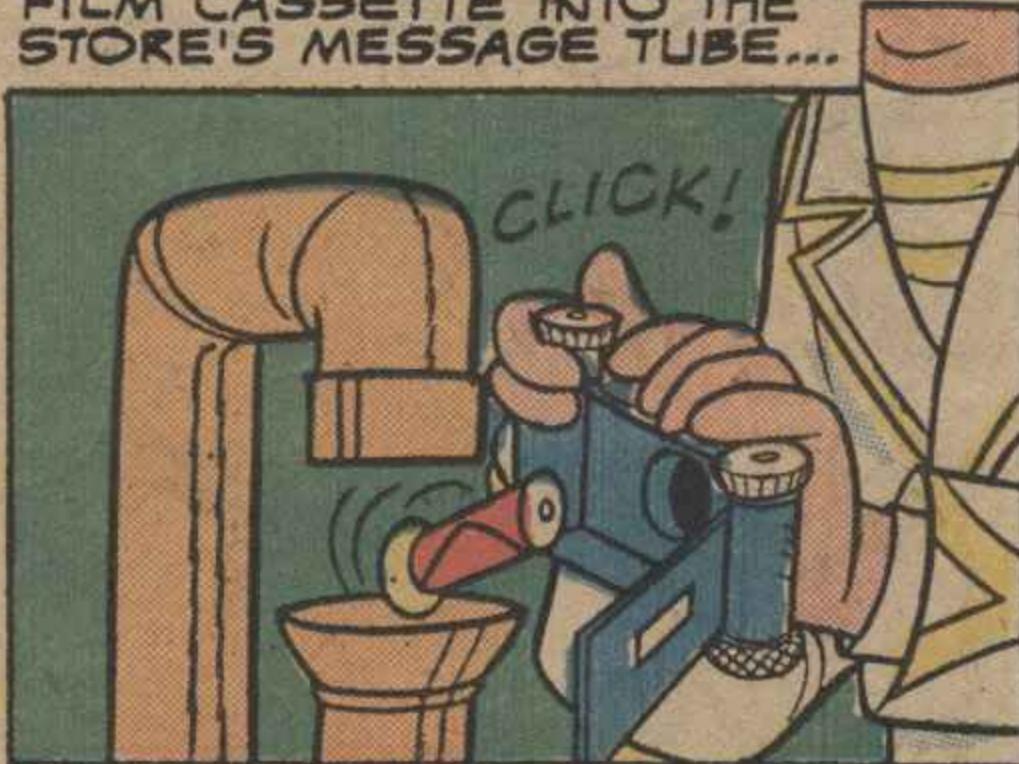
SO INCH HIGH TELLS MR. FINKERTON ABOUT THE "ONE-OF-A-KIND" DESIGN THEFTS, AND...

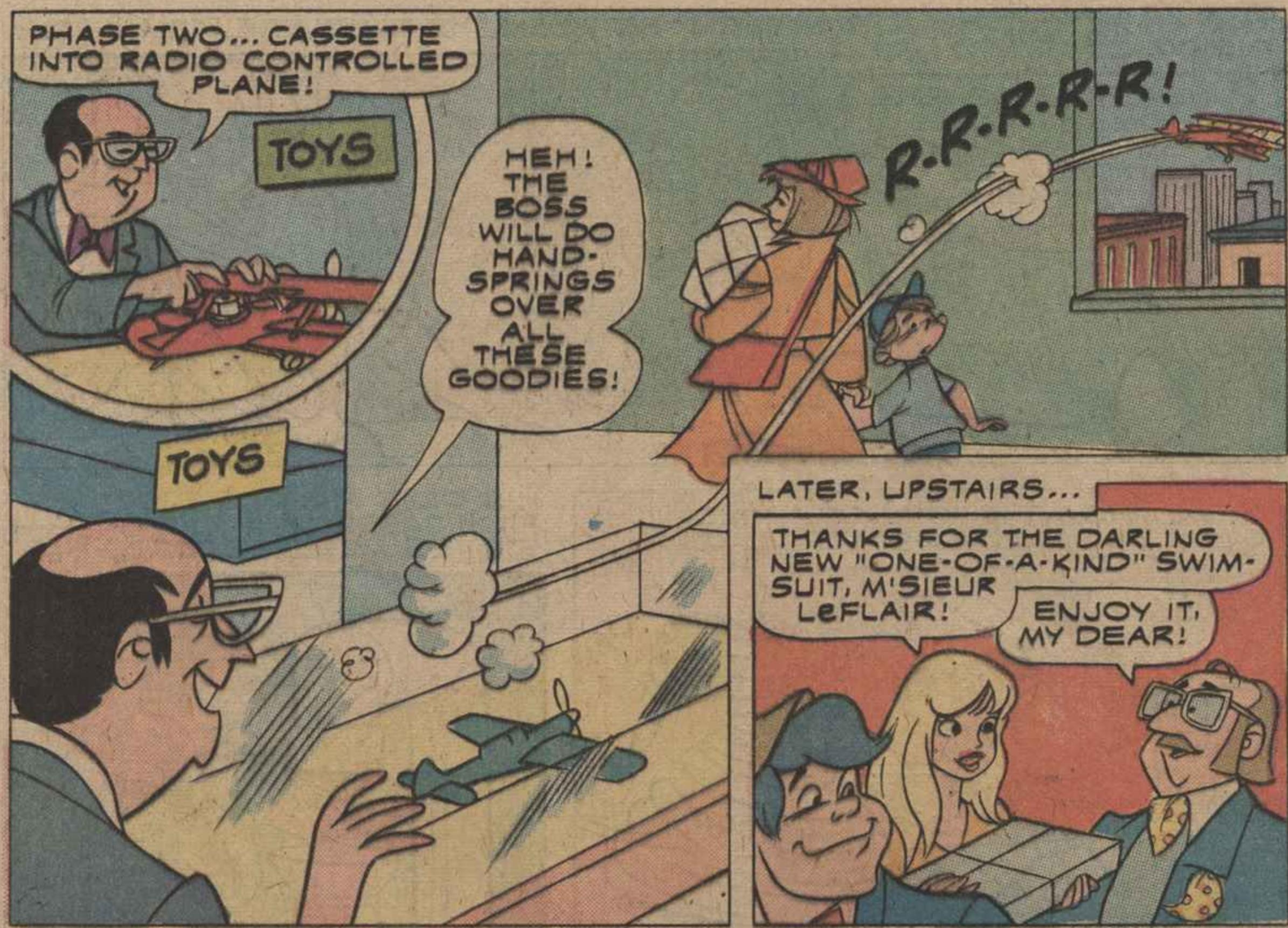


AND AS INCH HIGH TUCKS HIMSELF BETWEEN THE TUMBLERS, A MANNEQUIN INSIDE COMES TO LIFE...

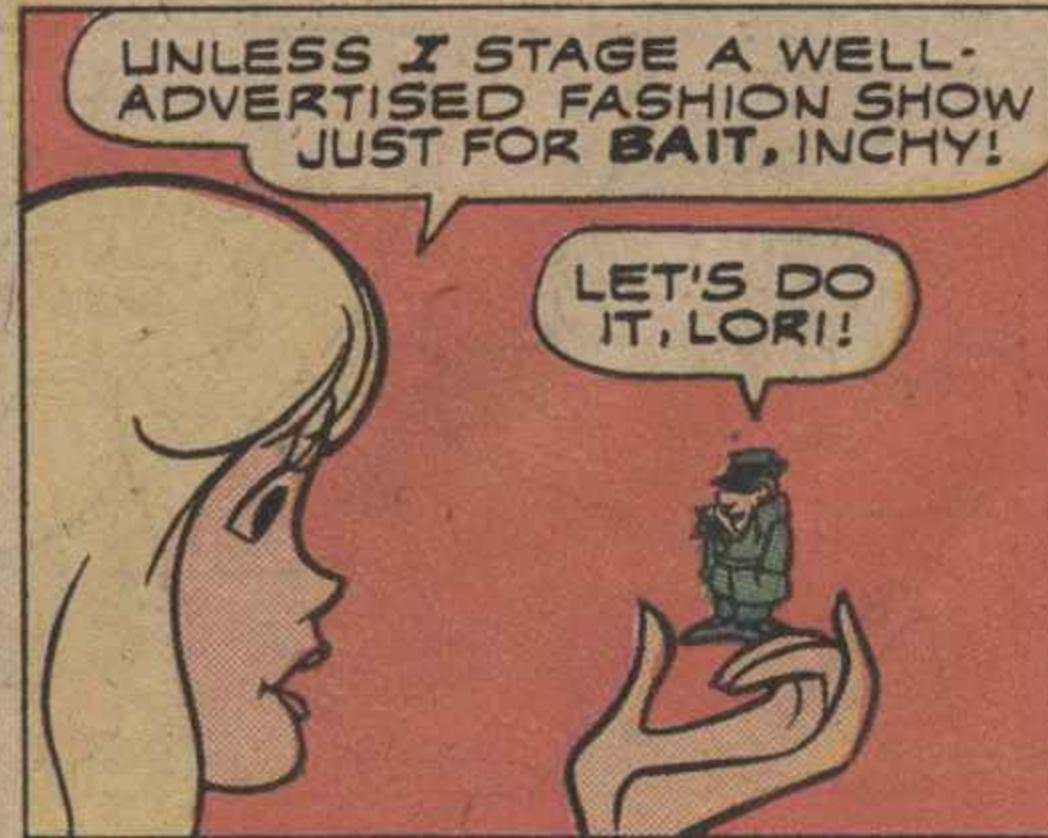
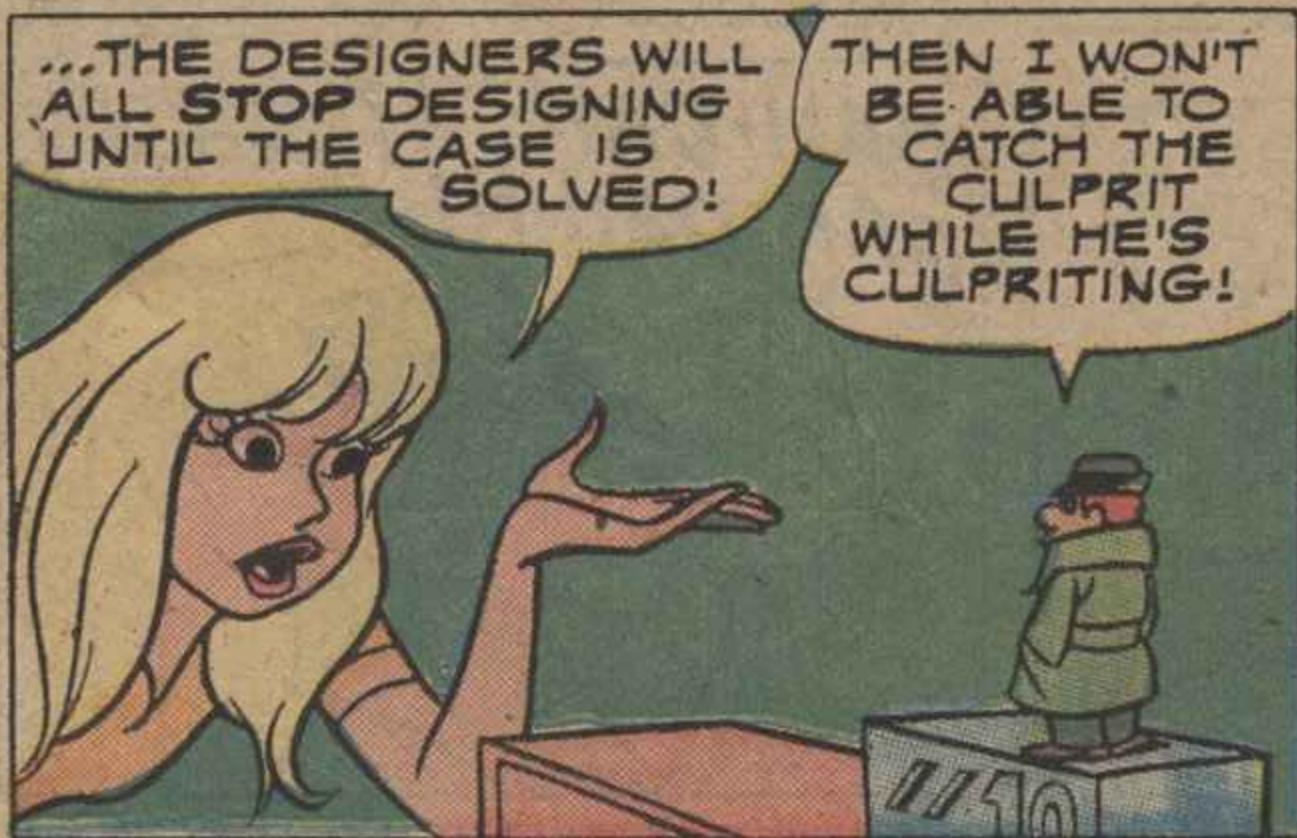


HIS DEFT FINGERS EJECT THE FILM CASSETTE INTO THE STORE'S MESSAGE TUBE...





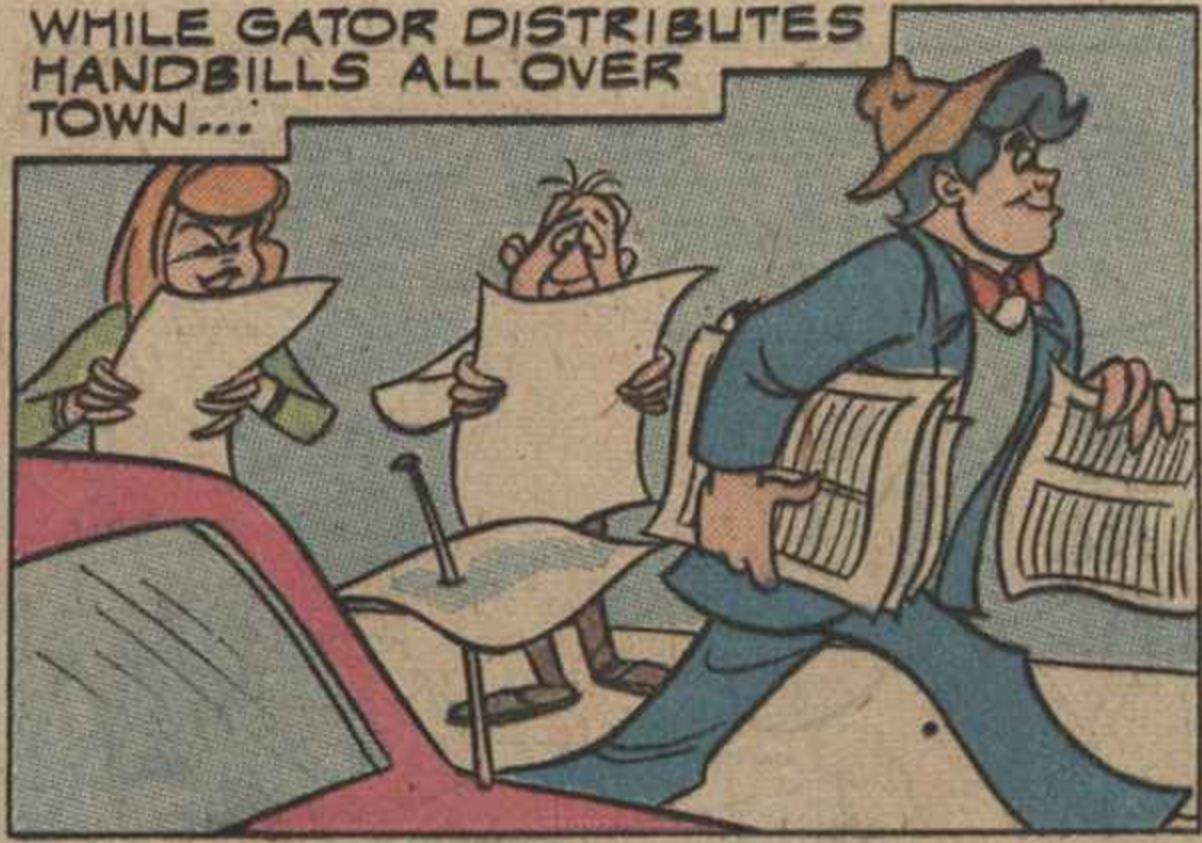




LORI WORKS FEVERISHLY ON SOME
"COOL" DESIGNS OF HER OWN...



WHILE GATOR DISTRIBUTES
HANDBILLS ALL OVER
TOWN...



AND
INCH
HIGH
GETS A
FEW
"SPOTS"
ON TV...
THE
HARD
WAY!

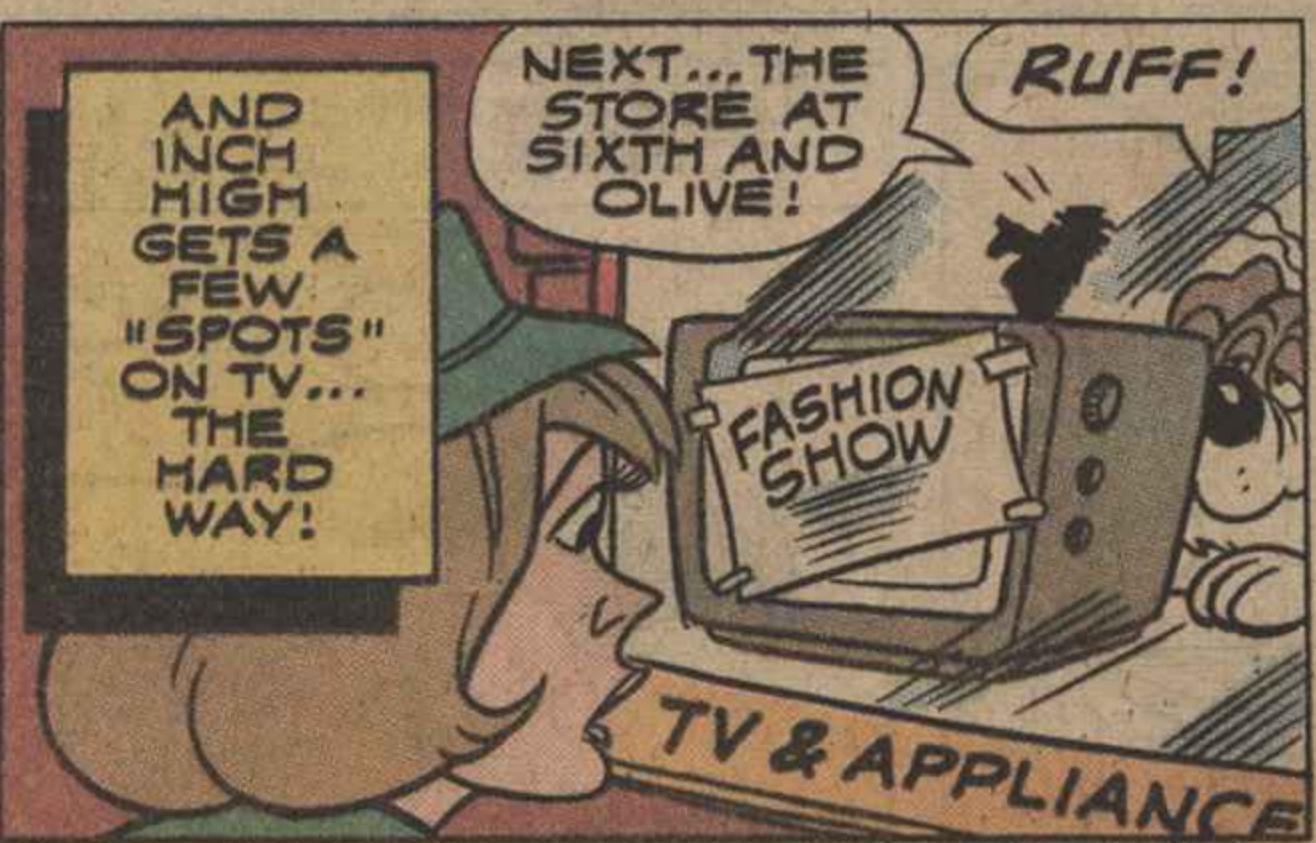
NEXT... THE
STORE AT
SIXTH AND
OLIVE!

RUFF!

THE NIGHT OF LORI'S SHOW
ARRIVES...

IT WAS NICE OF
YOU TO LET US USE YOUR
PLACE,
PIERRE!

ANYTHING TO
CATCH THE
CROOK!



LORI MODELS A STUNNING ARRAY OF DESIGNS...



HER SPACE-OUT GOWN IS OUT OF THIS
WORLD...



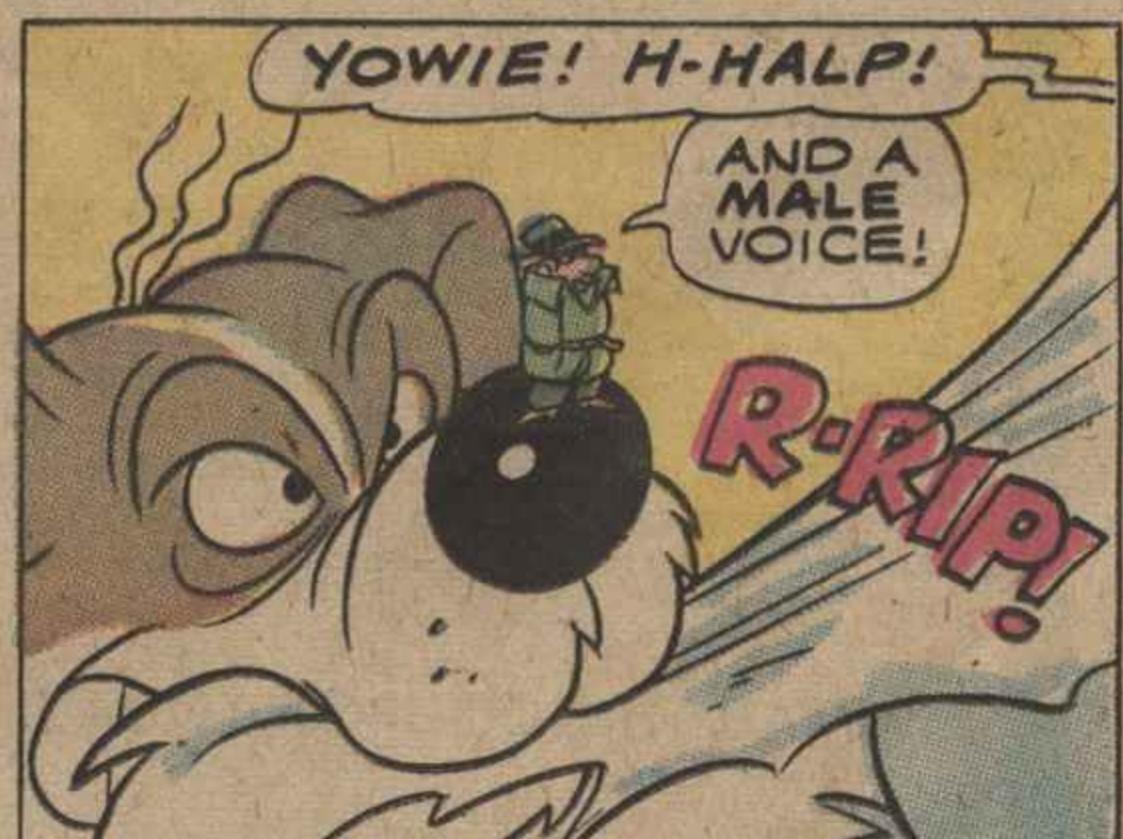
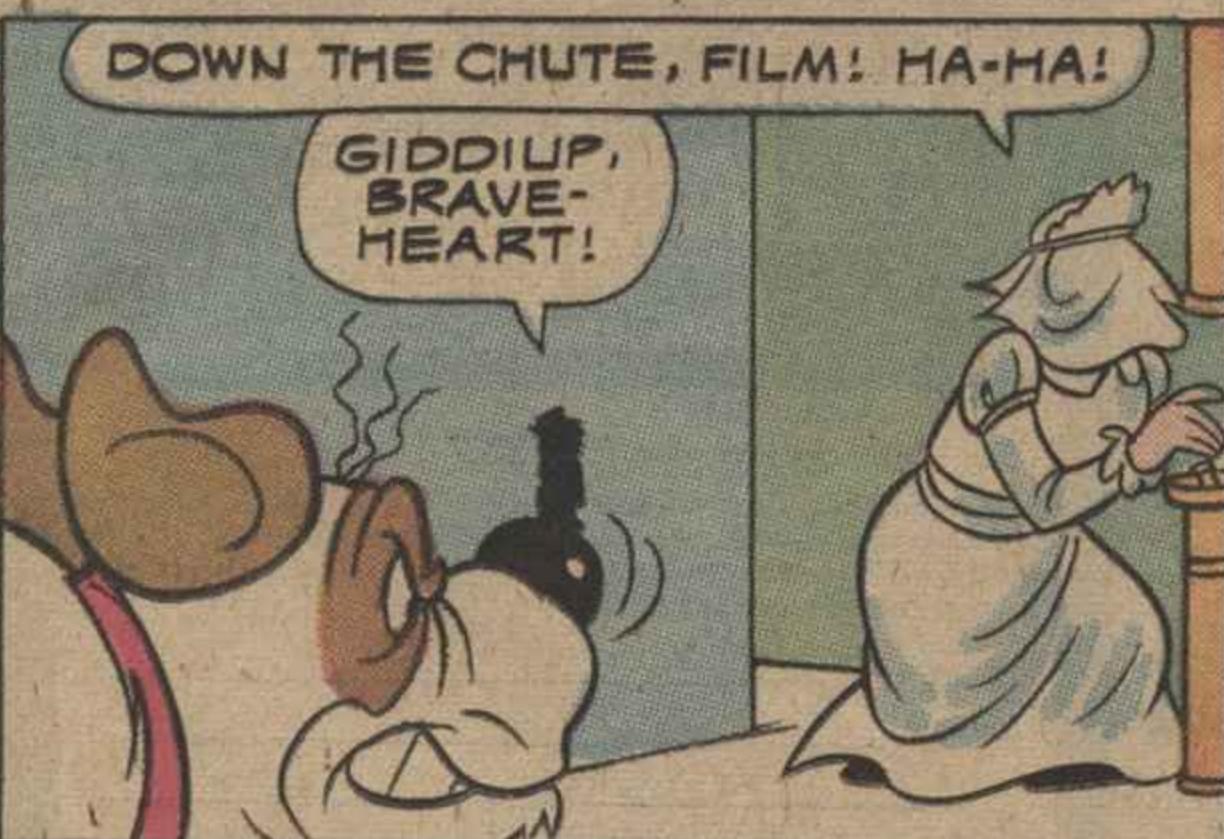
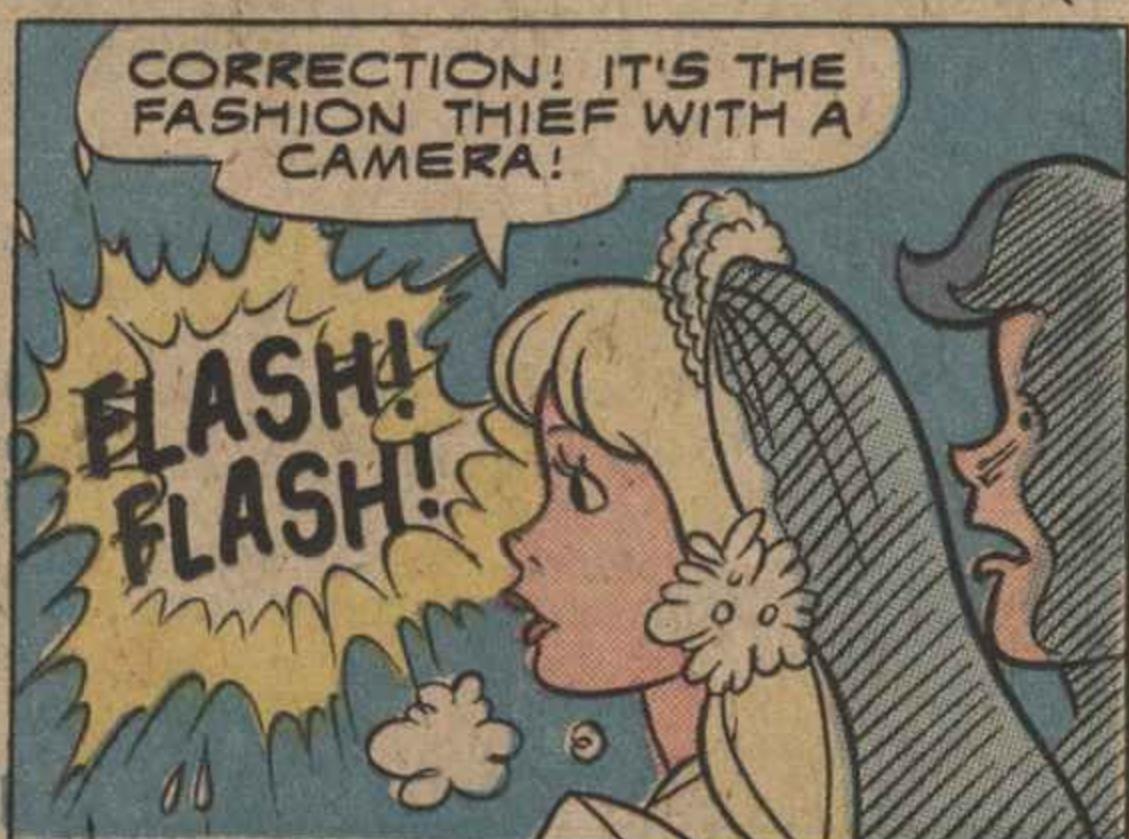
I'M PERFECTLY
CAMOUFLAGED
ON THIS
NUMBER!

FINALLY...

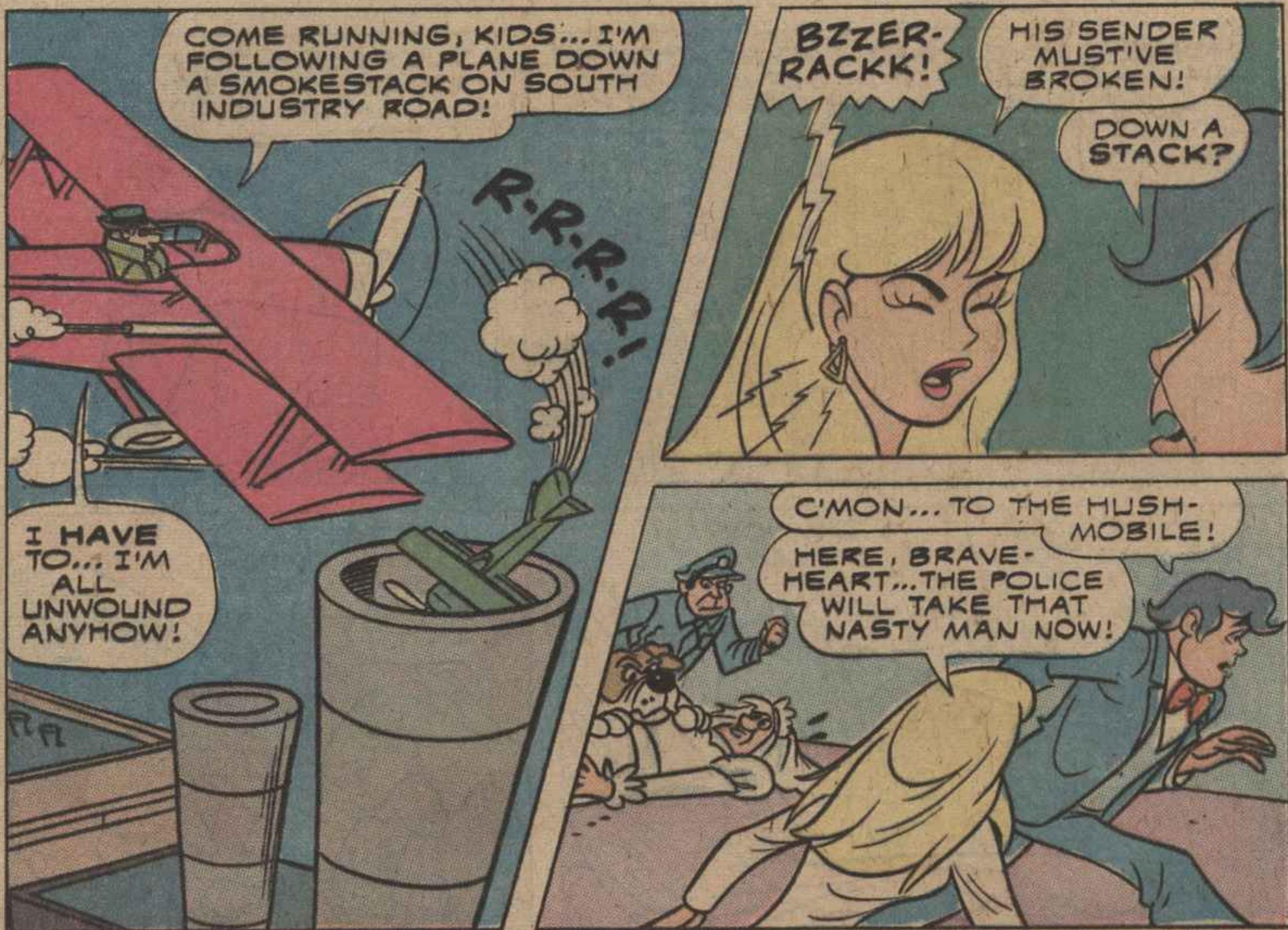
DAH-DAH-
DAH-DAH-H!

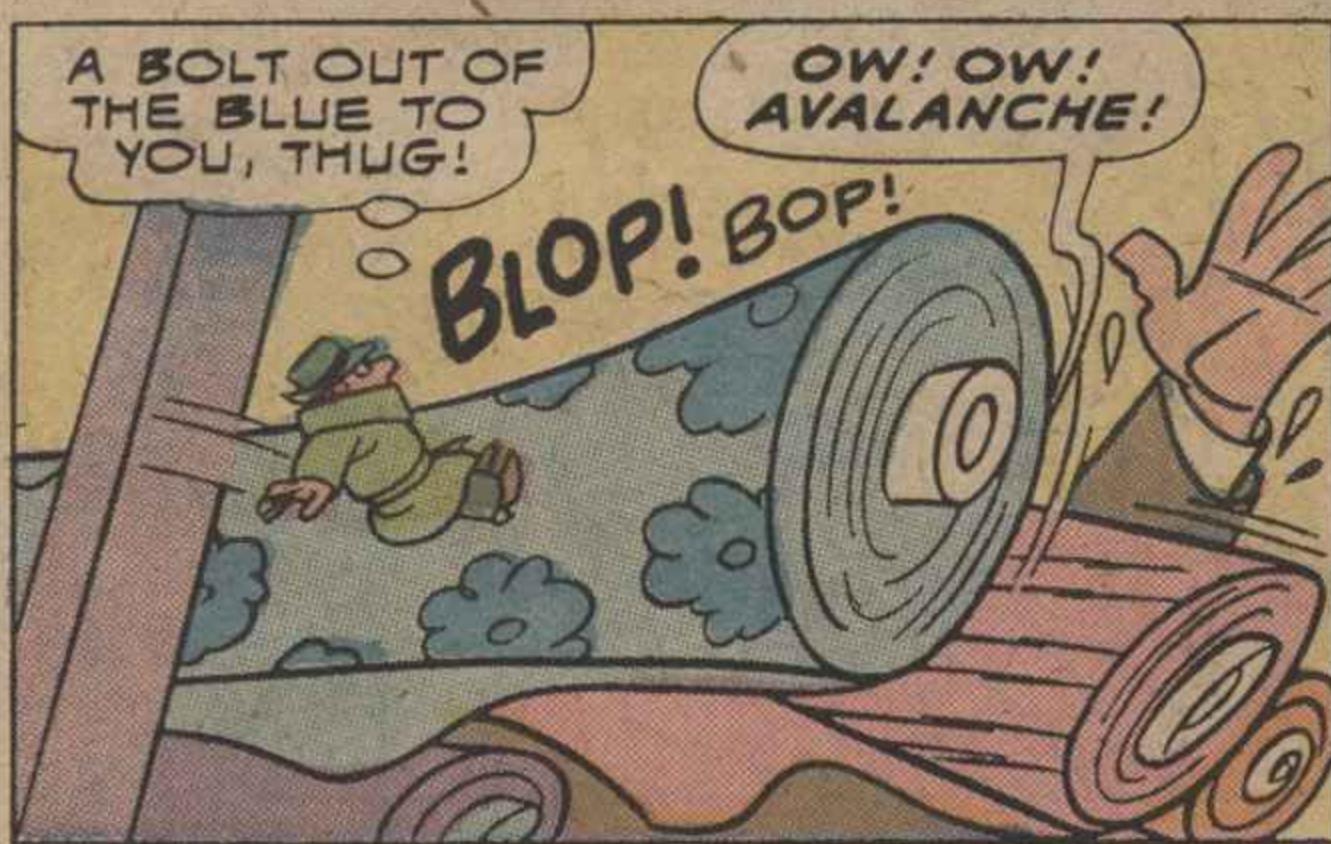
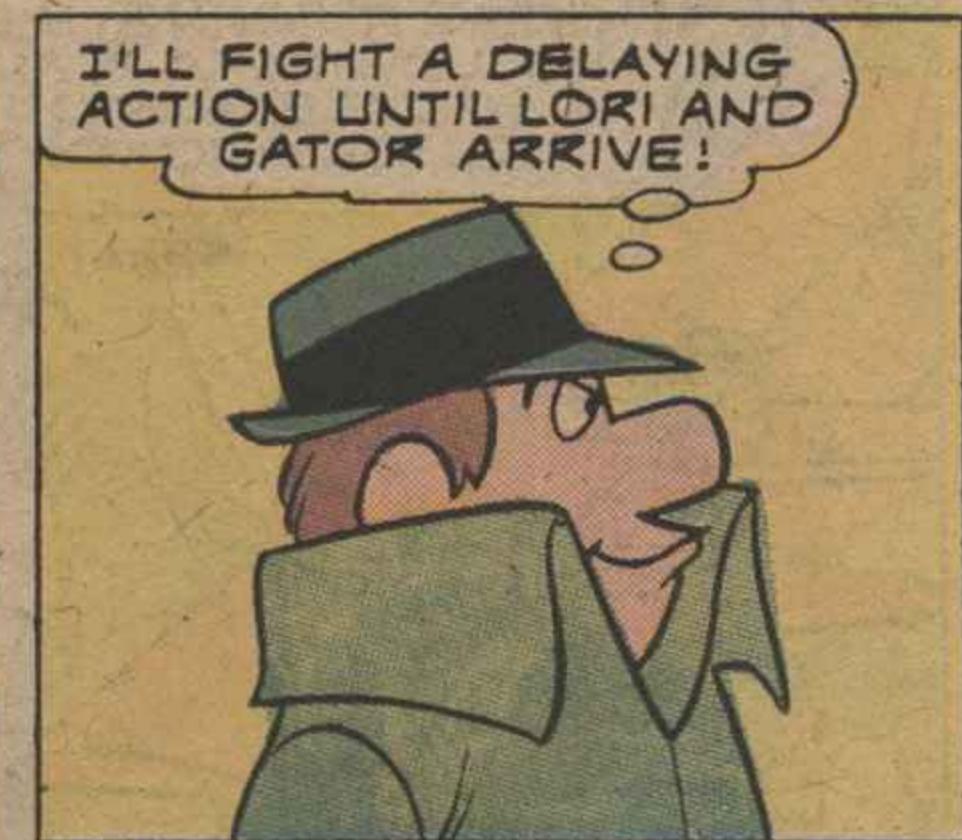
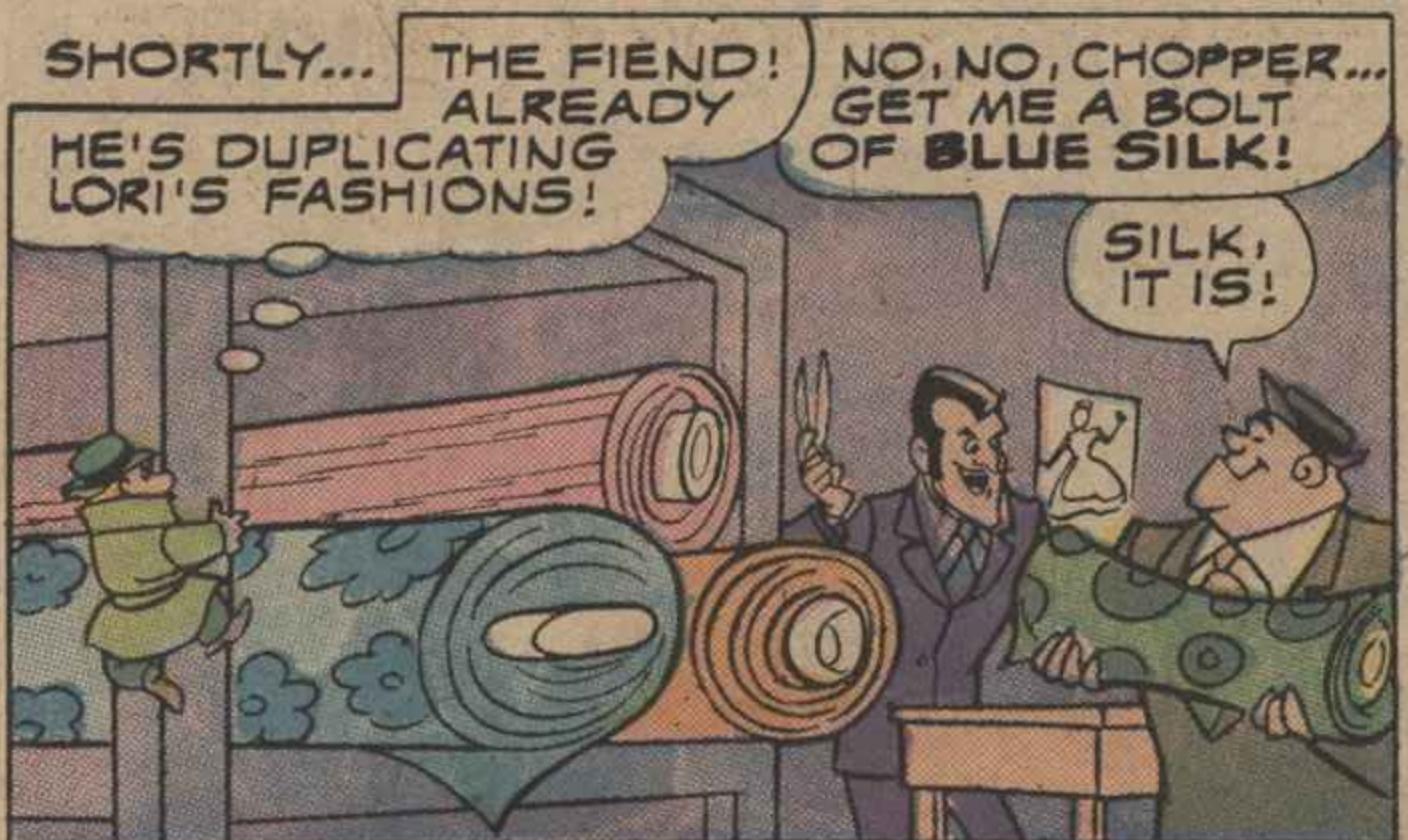
AH, THE
WEDDING
MARCH!

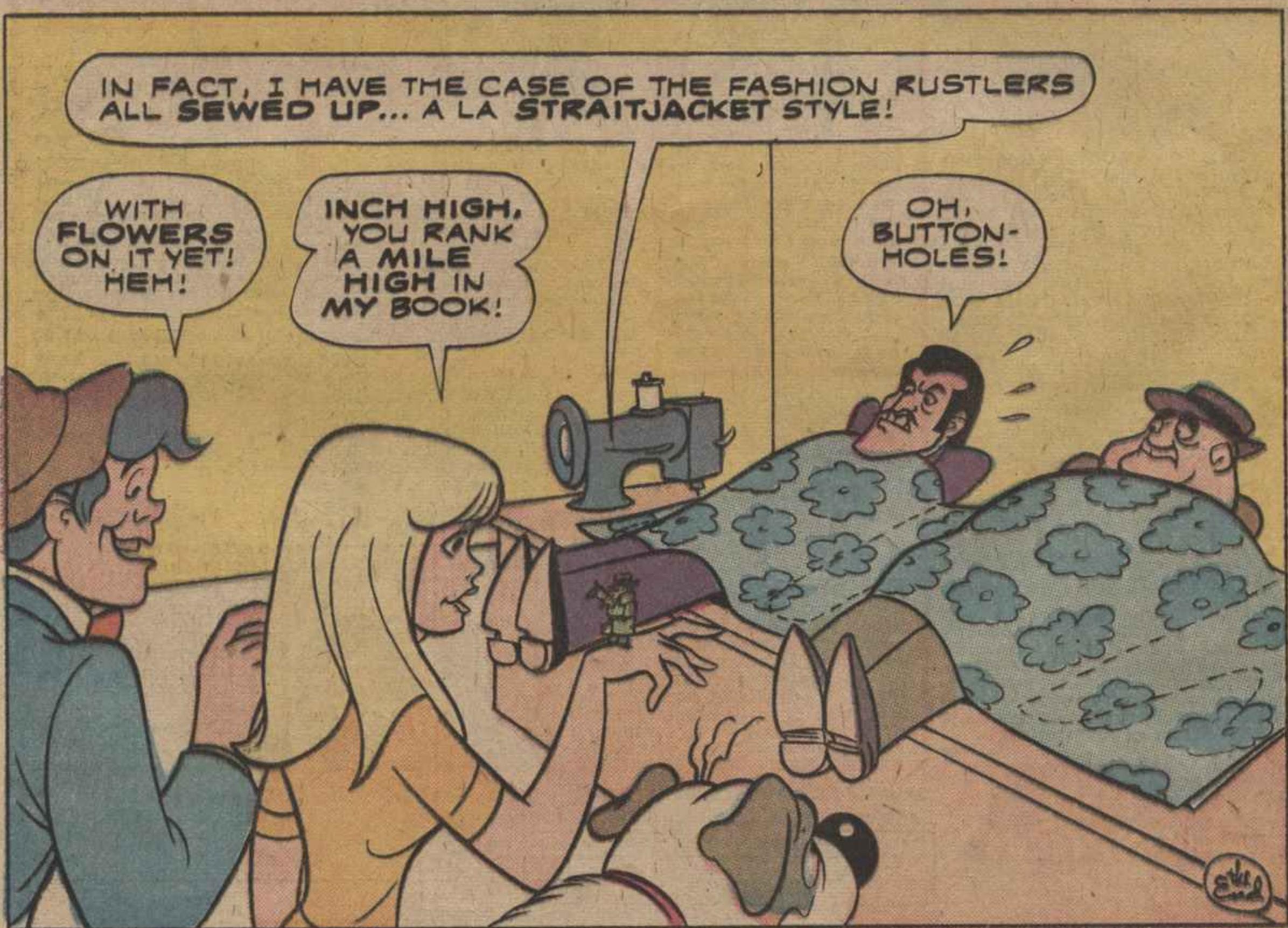












Hanna-Barbera

INCH HIGH PRIVATE EYE

Gives CRIME-CO A BLACK-EYE

LORI, TAKE A LETTER TO THE LO-CALISRE MUNITIONS COMPANY!

LORI?

YOO-HOO...LORI!

EH? HER PENCIL IS IDLE!

AND HER CHAIR IS VACANT!

AND SINCE SHE DOESN'T DRINK COFFEE! SHE CAN'T BE ON A COFFEE BREAK!

I'LL TRY CALLING LORI'S APARTMENT!

(HUFF! PUFF!) I ESPECIALLY MISS MY SECRETARY WHEN IT COMES TO DIALING!

CLICK! CLICK!

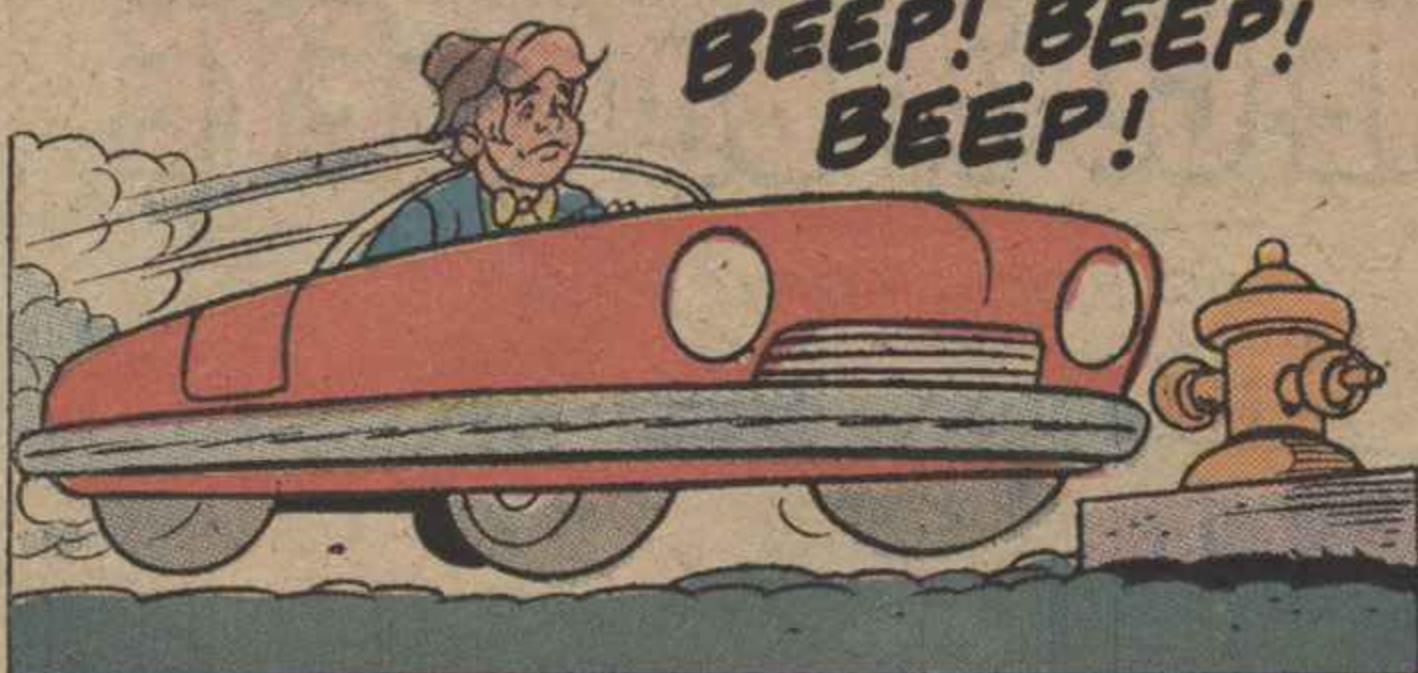
AND A DIZZY-BIT-OF-DIALING LATER...

LORI DOESN'T ANSWER HER PHONE!

BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

WHAT COULD THE MATTER BE?

SO INCH HIGH, WITH GATOR DRIVING, RUSHES IN THE HUSHMOBILE TO LORI'S APARTMENT...



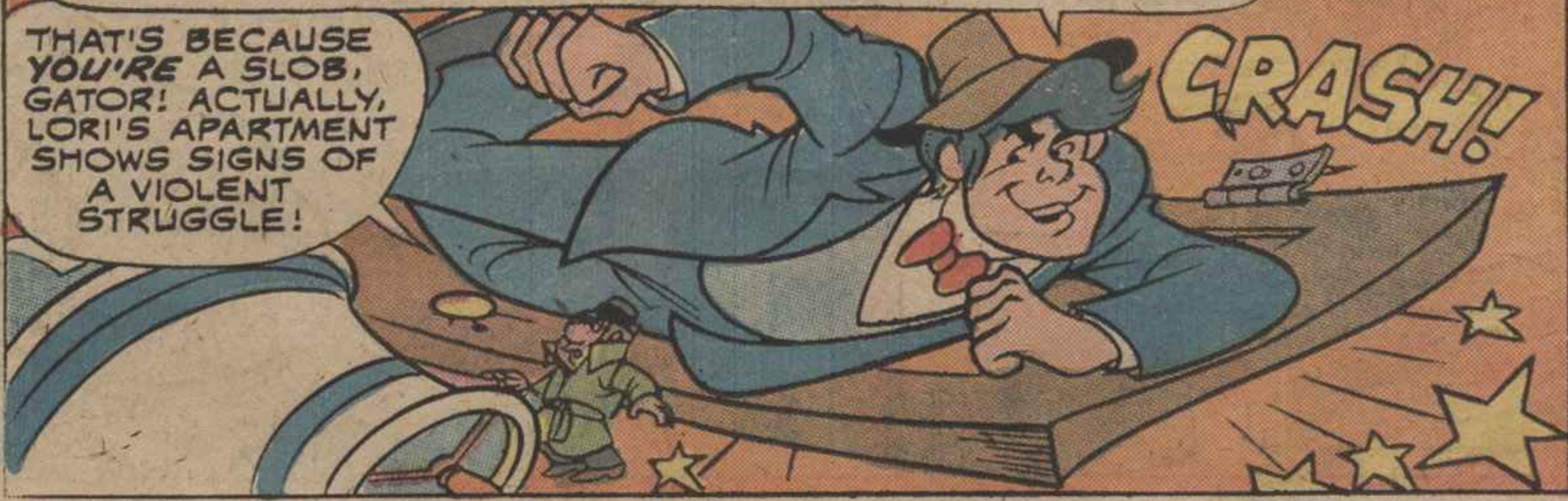
INCH KEEPS IN SHAPE AND CLEARS TRAFFIC SIMULTANEOUSLY...



THE HUSHMOBILE SKIDS QUIETLY TO A STOP...



WELL, IT ALL LOOKS PRETTY HOMEY TO ME, INCH HIGH!



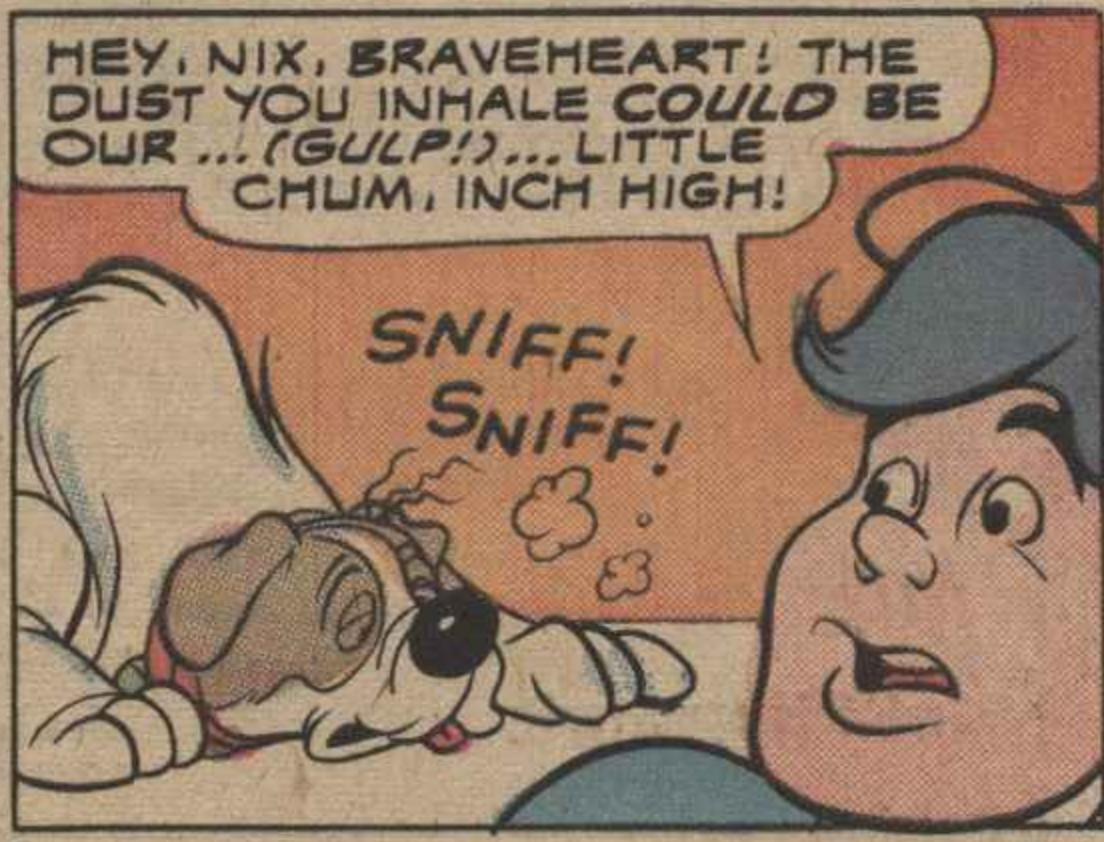
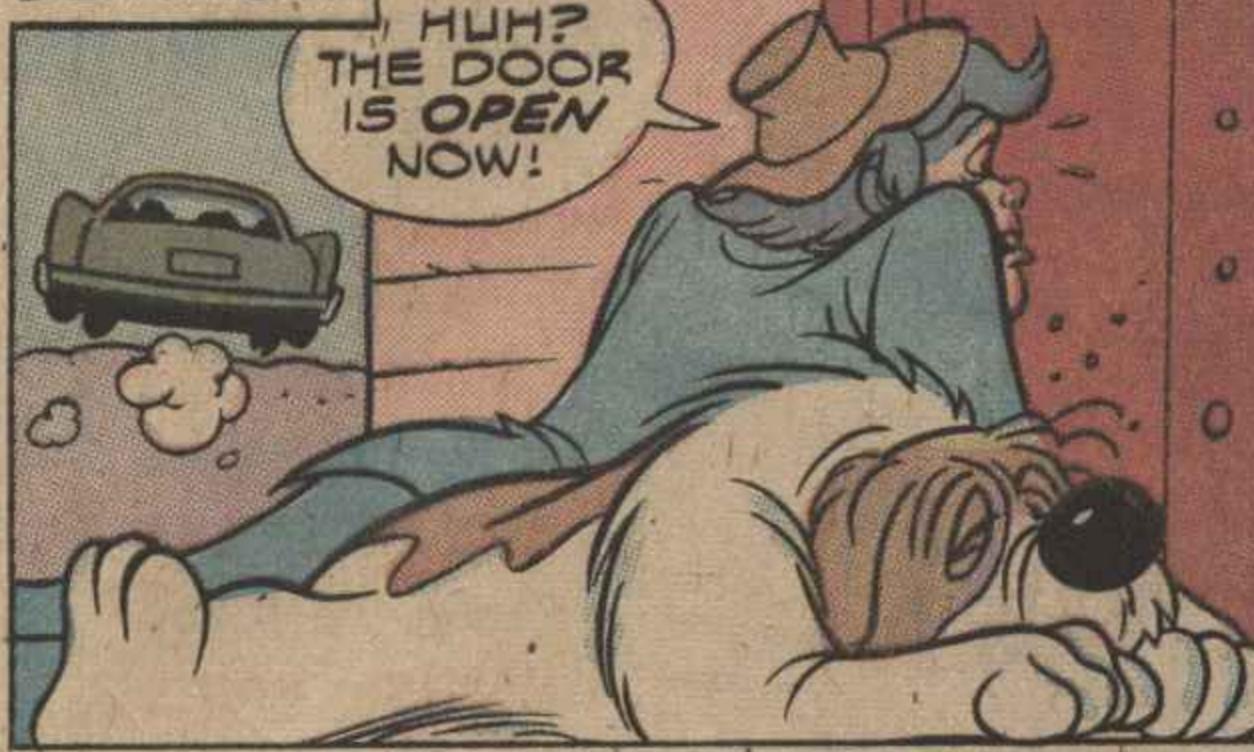




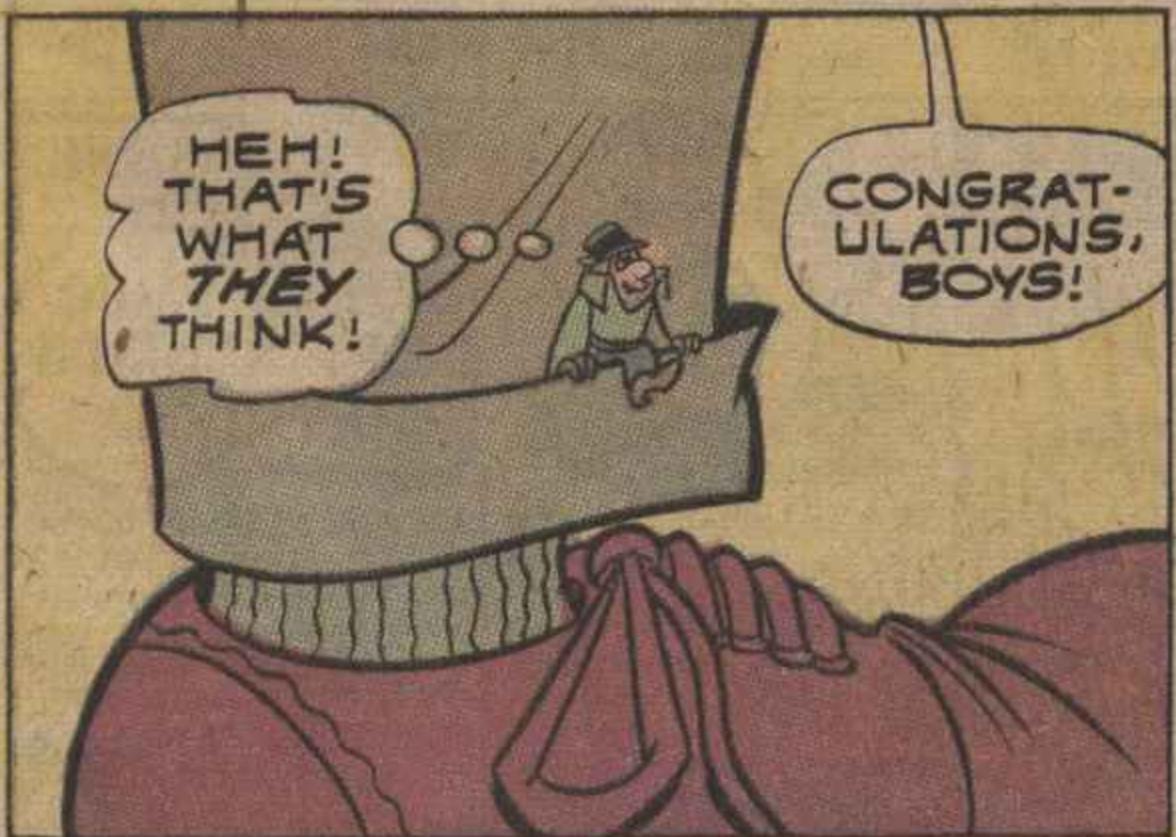
TOO LATE INCH HIGH REALIZES THAT A RECORDING OF LORI'S VOICE HAS LURED HIM TO DESTRUCTION...



GATOR ROUSES HIMSELF AS A BIG CAR DEPARTS...



MEANWHILE, THERE IS WILD REJOICING IN THE PENTHOUSE OF A NEARBY BUILDING...



A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER SHAKES THE SKYLINE AS THE CITY REALIZES ITS PREDICAMENT!

LET
EVERYBODY
READ IT
AND WEEP!
HO-HO-HO!

Crime City

(GULP!)

BY REFLEX
THE
CITY HALL
CLOCK
ASSUMES
THE
"HANDS-UP"
POSITION!



LEAD-ED, PAY
A VISIT TO
THE CHIEF OF
POLICE!

WITH
THIS
GAT?

H-HUH?
AM I
SEEING
A
GHOST?

THE END
OF YOUR
CAREER
IS NEAR,
THUG!

A LITTLE THUMB-JUDO
FOR YOU, BIG BOY!

CRASH!

